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FOOTLIGHTS

The appearance of Sarah Bernhardt as Cleopatra in New York was a great disappointment. The play does not give the great actress a chance to display her genius, at least such is the conclusion to be drawn after reading the comments of the critics on the New York press. The play itself is a wilderness of uninteresting dialogue with but two cases in the shape of situations. The Marc Antony looked like a young man who had just stepped from behind the counter of the Bon Marche into Egyptian drapery, and his dalliances with Egypt's queen were mere coldblooded gesticulations. The tropical tint with which the great genius has anointed her face and arms, together with the soft clinging revelatory, yet never indecent wrappings in which she was swathed, brings her nearer to beauty than she has as yet been in the new world. Bernhardt's business has, of course, been large but she has not played to the capacity of the house, and during the end of her La Tosca weeks many seats were unoccupied.

A magnificent audience greeted "A Texas Steer" on its first appearance in this city Thursday evening and was convulsed with laughter almost from the beginning to the end of the play. The production is a triumph in comedy and Hoyt has surpassed all his previous efforts as a playwright. In the main it is too true to life to be termed a satire, although there are some slight exaggerations which only serve to make the scenes so much the funnier. The play must be seen in its entirety to be fully appreciated. A synopsis would be only a mutilation. It would be merely a cold blooded dissection and elimination of all the wit and humor with which the play abounds. The hero is a typical Texas ranchman of great wealth who while absent in Mexico is elected to congress. He is astonished to hear of this on his return, but his daughter "Bossy" calmly informs him that it was a fair and honest election as every voter was given \$5 before he went to the polls. The congressman-elect accepts the situation and goes to Washington. Then the fun commences. Brander is a shrewd old man and "catches on" to Washington ways. The plot is a basis for a number of provokingly amusing situations and fairly bristles with wise comments on congressional and political methods. This is one of the great features of the play. As Maverick Brander, Mr. Tim Murphy carried out the part splendidly. Although the character admitted of exaggeration he carefully avoided extremes and made the character real rather than imaginary. As Bossy, Miss Flora Walsh had a delightful part, and plays it with a most charming grace. She has an expressive face, a most pleasing voice, a sense of humor, which is apparent in every twinkle of her laughing eye, her lines are given with the keenest appreciation of the many good things she has to say, and her love scenes were marked by a sweet girlish face. Brandy (Paul), a member of the third house, was a perfect representation of the professional lobbyist, and old politicians here heartily enjoyed his delineation of the character. Dixey Stille, the young confidence woman who induced the Texas statesman to kiss her and thereby secured \$100 from him, played her part most artistically. The three typical Texans, although slightly exaggerated, provoked the audience to uproarious laughter. At the end of the first act Mr. Hoyt was vociferously called for and he finally appeared before the curtain and happily expressed his thanks.

The Pat Rooney company amused a fair sized audience at the Funke opera house on Tuesday evening with a non-sensical medley called "Pat's New Wardrobe." There was no plot or exciting situations. The whole object of the author and actor being to make people laugh. In this respect the play was a success. After all, more real benefit is to be derived from a comedy than a tragic performance. Most American work too hard, and they need the relaxation and tonic effects of an evening of mirth. It is a change from the worry of everyday life and as refreshing as an April shower to the thirsty soil.

Last week in Red Bank, N. J., a little boy about twelve years old, named Harry Jones, went to see Mariah Hubert Frohman in The Witch. After the hanging scene Master Harry went home and so powerful had the execution worked on his juvenile imagination that he determined to repeat the operation on his own sister, aged seven. The little girl willingly obeyed her brother's instructions and stood on a chair while he fastened a strap around her neck. The end of the strap was tied to a hook, and then Master Harry took the chair away. The little girl soon began to strangle, and but for the timely arrival of the mother the boy's fun might have ended tragically. Master Harry won't go to the theatre again for some time.

General Sherman was to have dined with Lawrence Barrett at the Union League Club a few days before his death. When the general was taken ill he wrote to Mr. Barrett that he would be unable to keep the appointment. This is said to have been the last letter written by the famous old warrior. General Sherman and Mr. Barrett were friends of twenty-five years.

CRIOLE

The theatre going people of Lincoln will be pleased to learn that on next Tuesday Sam T. Jack will present "The Creole" at the Funke. The following clipping from a New York paper is an excellent introduction to the play:

It is extremely difficult for a manager to "catch on" to something new in the variety business, but Harry Williams has a show this week destined to play to crowded houses every performance. The originality is due to Sam Jack, whose skillful, artistic hand can be seen all through the different "acts." Manager Jack is trying to forget his recent affliction in the loss of his wife, who, it will be re-

membered died in this city last March, by hard work. He first begins with the announcement that it is a Creole Burlesque Company, and there is not a white man or woman in it. Where he got such a combination of Octoroons and skilled colored men would be hard to imagine. The performance begins with the Tropical Revelries, introducing the whole company. The act is in three editions and is a burlesque on a first class minstrel show. A feature of especial mention was a tableau—a beautiful Creole wrapped in flags of all nations—hidden behind a large gilt fan, that parted in the middle and displayed the subject, at the conclusion of each verse of a recitation by the end men. The stage settings and costumes of "The Beauty of the Nile," an ancient Egyptian burlesque, was magnificent and displayed excellent taste. Jackson's act is to make people laugh, and he does it by his funny break-neck business. Sam Lucas and his wife in their song, "The Same Old Home," were applauded to the echo, and Mr. Lucas' song, "In the Graveyard," is new and gives him many opportunities to ring in good-natured humor. Miss Florence Hines captured the hearts of the boys in the gallery with her drinking song, which was an admirable "take-off" of a drunken man.

SPIDER AND THE FLY.

One of the catchy novelties of the season is the new comedy "Spider and the Fly," which appears at the Funke Thursday evening. It is one of those rollicking jolly plays that make life pleasant and affords an evening of bright and mirthful entertainment. The cast is composed of a company of sterling actors and as fine a coterie as ever left the city of New York. The piece is made up of some decidedly comic situations and rich pure fun, intermingled with harmonious and catchy social melodies reign supreme. It will be a gala night and one that you cannot afford to miss. Seats will be on sale Wednesday morning.

ANNIE WARD TIFFANY.

Among the several actresses of renown that Lincoln has not seen in several years is Annie Ward Tiffany, the bright comedienne so popular with metropolitan audiences. Next Thursday evening will find her surrounded by a company of thoroughly meritorious artists at the Funke. Miss Tiffany's season thus far has been a very successful one, and commenting upon her work in Philadelphia, the Record says: While Peggy Logan was engaged in thwarting the machinations of a wicked stepmother at the Park Theatre last evening the audience was kept almost constantly in a roar of laughter. There is nothing especially harmonious in the idea of a cruel parent; but Annie Ward Tiffany's are good.

THEATRICAL TALK.

"Charles I" is to be Irving's next revival. The Lillian Lewis company has again closed. Harry B. Smith's "Robin Hood" is to be done in Germany. Keller, the magician, is dangerously ill at his home in New York. Levy, the well known cornetist, is organizing a military band for the road. "Asleep at the Switch," is the name of the latest melodramatic horror. George K. Fortesque will go to Australia in the spring where he will be starred in burlesque. Ellen Terry is taking dancing lessons from Sylvia Grey. Imagine the stately Ellen doing a skirt dance. Nadage Dorce has made a failure as Iza in San Francisco, and it is now said she will retire from the stage. Next season Edwin Booth will make a starring tour of twenty weeks under the management of Lawrence Barrett. "All the Rage," one of the very first farcical comedies, is to be put on the road again next season. The public at large will be pleased to hear that Agnes Herndon has determined to retire from the list of stars. It is said that Mr. Edwin Harrigan will make enough out of "Reilly and the 400" to pay for his new theatre in New York. J. Charles Davis will temporarily retire from the theatrical profession and help Chicago boom her World's Fair. The next of Charles H. Hoyt's plays to be produced is "A Temperance Town." It is a satire on the prohibitionists. Marie Wainwright makes her first appearance in San Francisco as Viola in "Twelfth Night" next Monday night at the Baldwin Theatre. Marie Halton is going to produce "La Cigale" in spite of T. Henry French. It will no doubt, end in a fight in the courts. All the theatrical managers of the northwest, met at Minneapolis, last Monday, to organize an association to secure better railroad rates. Lizzie Daly, the clever soubrette of Major Charles E. Rice's "McCarthy's Mishaps" company has concluded to remain with him for another season. The English papers state that Mary Anderson-Navarro is a model housewife, and that she can make bread to perfection. This must be a new "roll" for Mary. John Stetson will manage Henry E. Dixey next season, if Henry does not change his mind and sign with T. Henry French, for a season at the Garden Theatre. Charles MacGeachy has concluded to remain with "Old Jed Frouty" until the end of the present season. Then he has a mysterious scheme he will spring on the public. Mrs. Leslie Carter is getting a better chance from the dramatic critics in Chicago than she got from the courts. She only asked for a fair trial to show what she could do, and she won. John Gilroy, who dances a "buck" dance in "The Fakir," is at this moment said to be the best dancer in America. Both Nat Goodwin and Fred Bryton are willing he should have the cake.

WO WESTERN WOMEN.

Washington has a number of bright Wyoming women, among whom is Mrs. Senator Carey. She is an enthusiastic believer in the benefits conferred by female



MRS. JOSEPH M. CAREY.

suffrage, in which belief her stalwart husband gallantly seconded her. Tall and graceful, the center of a large circle of acquaintances formed during a long residence at the capital, Mrs. Carey is something more than the ordinary woman of society. She is familiar with all the great political issues. Politicians like to talk to her, and more than once have her ideas been incorporated in telling speeches in congress.

The lovely representative of Oregon is the wife of Senator Mitchell. The light of youth is still strong in her face, al-



MRS. JOHN H. MITCHELL.

though she is a grandmother. She is fond of society, and the fondness is reciprocated. These are two of the types of western women in Washington. Their sisters who are yet unknown in the social life of the capital may find consolation in the reflection that they could not be more graciously represented.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is on the flood tide of popularity, which position it has reached by its own intrinsic, undoubted merit.

Mr. JACOB MAHLER takes pleasure in announcing to his patrons and friends in Lincoln that he will reopen his classes in dancing for ladies, gentlemen and children on Wednesday, April twenty-eighth. His St. Louis address until April twenty-fifth is 3545 Olive street.

No such line of fine vehicles as is kept by E. R. Guthrie 1540 O street can be found elsewhere in the state. Everything stylish and novel in the carriage line is there to be found. Step in and look over the line—even if you don't want to buy. It will afford you a few pleasant moments look at the various handsome turnouts.

The Whitebreast Coal and Lime company is again at the front supplying the finest grades of all kinds of coal.

Eugene Hallett, the jeweler, has decided to push the diamond business more than ever and has just received an additional big line of these precious stones for his stock, and now should you ever think of investing in diamonds a call given to Hallett will convince you that he can show you a nicer line, finer goods and in more exquisite settings than any competitor. Anything in diamonds in whatever shape or style can be procured at right prices at Hallett's and you are always welcome to drop in and cast your optics over these beauties whether you want to buy or not.

Will Hardy after a two month's jaunt east and north, returned home Thursday. While absent Mr. Hardy has been dividing his time between business and pleasure, the latter, however, not occupying his attention to the detriment of the former, for if we are to believe what he says—and Will was never known to prevaricate—Lincolinites will soon behold at Hardy & Pitcher's mammoth furniture house, the largest and most elegant line of goods ever brought to the Lincoln market. Mr. Hardy's very excellent taste in making selections as shown in the past, is a fact in itself that is already an assurance of what we may expect for the spring invoices. But why try to describe these goods—call in and let him show you through.

Dr. C. R. Manning removed to new offices, rooms 22 and 23, second floor Burr block.

Think fit—The Cosmopolitan Magazine, a giant among the great monthlies, and THE COURIER will both be sent to any address one year for three dollars. For further particulars read large advertisement on page eight.

E. R. Guthrie is headquarters for fine carriages in all styles. Call at his repository, 1540 O street.

VARIETIES

That was an absurd story which smart correspondents telegraphed recently from Washington about Nebraska's congressmen to be. These writers reported that the three congressmen-elect went to the office of the civil service commission, presented a list of men they wanted appointed to office (each visitor endorsing the papers of the other two) and asked the commissioners to make the appointments. Any man of average sense would know too much to make such a break as that, and to charge a man of the intelligence of William J. Bryan of this city with being a fool is worse than absurd. It is a libel. A letter from Theodore Roosevelt, one of the commission, gives the lie officially to the cock-and-bull story in the Omaha Bee and the Lincoln Journal.

The Chicago Herald of the other day showed its appreciation of Bryan's ability and possibilities by publishing a two column account of his career sent from Washington. It embodies an excellent portrait and speaks of our houseman not in fulsome flattery but with discriminating praise. It speaks of his "wonderful campaign," "striking personality," "his brilliancy and eloquence." The Herald calls him the "boy congressman" (he is not quite thirty-one) and says he will be the youngest member of the next congress. In conclusion it says:

"Making due allowance for the fact that local stars do not always loom forth in the galaxy at Washington as brightly as they do amid home environments, it may still be confidently predicted that Mr. Bryan will be 'heard from' in the house of representatives. In view, too, of the further fact that the choice of the next speaker lies between men who have never been elevated to the place, it is not unlikely that Mr. Bryan may support the right man and be given suitable recognition upon the committee; certainly so should Illinois' own Springer have the gavel placed in his good right hand."

Speaking of Mr. Bryan, have you ever heard how he closed the joint debate with Congressman Connell? Whether you have or not, it is worth reading. The Lincoln aspirant had treated the Omaha statesman with courtesy throughout the oratorical contest, and he put the finishing touch to it at the Syracuse meeting by presenting Mr. Connell with a copy of Gray's Elegy. In doing so Mr. Bryan made one of the happiest of his perfect little speeches, and quoted beautiful lines from the noble poem with fine effect. Here is the verbatim:

Mr. Connell:—We now bring to a close this series of debates which was arranged by our committee. I am glad that we have been able to conduct these discussions in a courteous and friendly manner. If I have in any way offended in word or deed I offer apology and regret as freely forgive. I desire to present to you in remembrance of these pleasant meetings this little volume, because it contains "Gray's Elegy," in the perusal of which I trust you will find as much pleasure and profit as I have. It is one of the most beautiful and touching tributes to humble life that literature contains. Grand in its sentiment and sublime in its simplicity, we can both find in it a solace in victory or defeat. If success should crown your efforts in this campaign and it should be your lot

"The applause of listening senates to command,"

And I am left "A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,"

Forget not us who in the common walks of life, perform our part, but in the hour of your triumph recall the verse:

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joys and destiny obscure, Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile The short and simple annals of the poor."

If on the other hand, by the verdict of my countrymen, I should be made your successor, let it not be said of you:

"And melancholy marked him for her own, But find sweet consolation in the thought: 'Full many a gem of purest ray serene The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear, Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'"

But whether the palm of victory is given to you or to me let us remember those of whom the poet says:

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, Their sober wishes never learned to stray; Along the cool, sequestered vale of life, They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

These are the ones most likely to be forgotten by government. When they cry out for relief they too often hear no answer but the "echo of their cry," while the rich, the strong, the powerful, are given an attentive ear.

For this reason is class legislation dangerous and deadly: it takes from the least able to give and gives to those who are least in need. The safety of our farmers and our shrewd is not in special legislation, but in quiet and just laws that bear alike on every man. The great mass of our people are, interested not in getting their hands in other people's pockets, but in keeping the hands of other people out of their pockets.

Let me in parting express the hope that you and I may be instrumental in bringing our government back to better laws, which will treat every man in all our land alike without regard to creed or condition. I bid you a friendly farewell.

Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" is said by some literary authorities to be the finest poem in the English language. It is not very long, but the poet had it in hand seven years before he would give it out, and it is regarded that he sought several years for one particular word to express a fine shade of meaning. The Elegy, as being an exquisite bit of art in its construction, appeals

to the millions because it reviews life from the standpoint of the poor man.

Was ever a new sport introduced in America that a hundred reasons were not advanced to prove that it excelled all other games for promoting health and longevity? An item is floating through the papers saying that United States Gorman of Maryland was a base ball player when young and crediting that training with his health and strength—just as though hundreds of men now physical wrecks had not played ball when they were young. Do you remember when archery became the rage? And do you recall the columns of slush in the sporting papers and catalogues about the grace and healthfulness of the fall? If the prophets had prophesied truly we should have become a nation of angelic creatures. And then what wonders in physical development the sellers of roller skates promised.

I often wonder what the boys of Lincoln do for sport. I assume they have some kind of outdoor games, but so many of the aids of eastern boyhood are wanting here that I can't help feeling sorry for the western kids. Now, down in Pennsylvania and neighboring states there are rivers and creeks. That means swimming, how my heart got into my mouth the first time I swam the noble Susquehanna, being carried a half mile down stream by the current, boating, fishing and skating. There is a sort of skating here, but what is it compared to the joy of gliding up and up and up a broad river for miles and miles and hours and hours, getting lunch at a farm house and then flying homeward with the waning hours of a winter afternoon? And those afternoons in the long summer vacation—what happy memories of hours of swimming! Think of the hills and the sledding, of the fun of tying under a cutter or a farmer's sleigh, to be drawn up a hill a mile long and then ride down,—of the glorious sport of shooting down crust-covered hills like a rocket! What compensations have Nebraska boys for such sports?

And, by the way, I must not forget the forest (we always called it the "woods") with their chestnuts (used to get up in a tree and pick a quart out of the burrs), hickory nuts, butternuts, hazelnuts, sassafras, wintergreens, chickadees, sumac, beech nuts and all those things;—nor the clearings with their blackberries, raspberries, huckleberries and black caps;—nor the mountain streams with their trout and watercress and old mills with long, cool flumes that made tempting "swimming holes";—nor the farmers' big orchards on the roadside out of town—but, perhaps I had better not pursue that branch of the subject any longer. It does seem as though the western boy was deprived of many opportunities enjoyed by the eastern lad, but he seems to thrive quite as well, and, not knowing what fun he is missing, I presume he will never be visited with regret. It's a long tramp when you have to walk up a mile hill in winter, and perhaps a western boy looks at that side of the matter. But, just the same, I wonder what he does do for his fun.

How many Americans realize that a great nation, a neighbor, is in the throes of what promises to be a revolution both for herself and the United States? Very few in this section of the country take much interest in the fact that Canada is in the midst of an agitation that may result in a revolution and make her an adopted daughter of Uncle Sam. The Canucks are to have an election in a few days, and one of the parties to the contest want a closer union with the United States. Some of its members want merely commercial reciprocity, but many favor a political union. Here is a country greater than any kingdom in Europe save one threatening to elope from John Bull and join Brother Jonathan's family, and the vast majority of our 64,000,000 are either ignorant of the fact or discouragingly indifferent. A party in Canada think annexation only a matter of a few years. Our don't-care-attitude is something wonderful.

Cancers, cancerous tumors, are cured by the purifying effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Wonderful Things About Trees.

Baron Munchausen or Sir John Maundeville never fathered any queerer stories than those recently collected about trees. Here are a few things with which the monarchs of the forest have been credited of late: One tree of the Mariposa grove in California is 90 feet in circumference; through another a roadway 37 feet long, 10 feet wide and 10 feet high has been cut, yet the tree is still vigorous and growing. Columbia county, Ga., has a quivering tree, every twig and limb of which, how ever large, is constantly trembling as if in fear.

A white mulberry of Newton, N. C., constantly emits puffs resembling smoke, which issue from every part of the tree. A tree of New Zealand catches birds in a sticky fluid given off by its seed vessels. The calabash tree of the West Indies has a fruit, often twelve inches in diameter, with a hard shell that is made into dishes of various kinds, and may even be used over a fire for boiling water. A tree of the Nubian forests grows ready made whistles, galls left by insects having holes through which the wind blows with startling effect. The vegetable wax tree of Japan bears berries from which fine candles are made. The stinging tree of Queensland is dangerous to the touch, but leaves no mark, though the pain is maddening, and the part stung is tender for months when wet.

A resident of Kensington, Conn., died from fright recently. He thought that a newly dressed woman had started to bleed afresh and expired before the arrival of the doctor. The physician found the bandages all in place. The patient had been the victim of his own imagination.

One hundred finest engraved calling cards and plate only \$2.50 at Wessel Printing Co., 1136 N. street.

SPRING MILLINERY.

[Special Courier Correspondence.]

"And now with dainty touch doth the pert mantua-maker and the bright eyed voluble milliner, bring forth their wares to dazzle the young eyes of Druzzilla, who, natheless, sits, all a weary of the glittering show and sore distraught."

—Married for Gold.

New York, Feb. 25, 1891.—The woman who delights in all manner of pretty frivolities, may now treat herself to an abounding feast, by a saunter up Broadway from Union to Madison Square, and thence up the Avenue past Redfern's and Delmonico's into that region where the swell milliners have their habitation. For day by day, they are decking their windows with fresh importations, and making them to blossom as the rose, by an array of French flowers which fairly rival nature's productions in all but fragrance. Violets are there, and waxen hycinths, roses innumerable, lilac and all pale tinted blossoms which are the prophets of spring. And with them are fine embroideries, cobweb gauze, rich bullion ribbons, and lovely fancy straps. Redfern's milliner-in-chief is an adept at manipulating these, and it is to her fertile fancy and deft fingers that we owe the following samples of spring millinery.



The first of this set of three describe themselves in the illustration. The trimmings are flowers, embroideries in crepe lace, and loops of narrow ribbon. The third is a straw hat of dark blue, with velvet band, and salmon colored flowers. The rosette at the back is of dark blue lace embroidered with salmon dots.



In this second cut we have a chip walking hat with curved brim, and ribbons and flowers massed upon the crown. The other is a faggy toque with straw brim and a crown of old rose ribbon with broadened figures. A bird of brown and rose tipped plumage perches at the back, head down as though guarding the blonde tresses beneath him.

Elegant line of new gingham, in Scotch and American, just opened at Herppelheimer & Co.

Wedding invitations, either printed or engraved in the finest style of the art at THE COURIER office. Correct forms and best quality of stock guaranteed. Samples cheerfully shown.

J. B. Barnaby, the tailor, may be found at rooms 12 and 13, Newman block, 1025 O st.